

The TATLER

Vol. CLXXVI. No. 2296

and **BYSTANDER**

London
June 27, 1945




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Harlip

A Recent Engagement: Lady Jane Pleydell-Bouverie

Lady Jane Pleydell-Bouverie, who is the eldest daughter of the Earl of Radnor and Mrs. M. Selby-Lowndes, is to marry Mr. Richard Anthony Bethell, the Life Guards, eldest son of Mrs. Adrian Bethell, and the late Captain Adrian Bethell, who served in the Life Guards in the last war, and was Joint Master of the East Holderness from 1927. Mrs. Bethell is a daughter of the late Sir John Cotterell, Bt. Lady Jane Pleydell-Bouverie is a Junior Commander in the A.T.S., and the eldest of a family of six. Her father, the Earl of Radnor, married Mrs. R. T. R. Sowerby in 1943



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Ants

GENERAL SIR WILLIAM SLIM, the distinguished Commander of Britain's famous Fourteenth Army, knows quite a lot about the Japanese soldier, and will no doubt know quite a lot more before he finishes his duty in the Far East. At the moment he's got his own name for the Japs. They are insects, soldier ants.

While on leave in London—his first time home for seven years—Sir William Slim has taken the opportunity to brush aside the

has been reiterated several times by British ministers of late, but I must say that it carries additional weight when it comes from General Eisenhower. He admits that, as far as the German General Staff are concerned, the wars in Europe have been but a series of campaigns. The General Staff have used successive German political leaders for their own purposes. Hitler, I should say, was a most willing partner in their machinations, and probably the greatest help they have ever had, though he, like the Kaiser, muffed everything in the end.

was always fully understood by those who know his character, although they recognized that the opposition was so great that anything might result. He was just as stubborn before the outbreak of the war in refusing to join in defence discussions. When the moment was opportune he insisted on asserting Belgium's neutrality; when it was too late he was compelled to ask his country to fight. It seems that the politicians in Belgium have not forgotten this, for they are not all opposed to the idea of maintaining the monarchy. They are prepared to keep the regency functioning until such time as the Crown Prince is of age to ascend the throne. But they have maintained their opposition to King Leopold on what appears to be purely personal grounds.

Reverse

IN Canada the unusual happened when Mr. Mackenzie King, the Prime Minister, found himself among the displaced Ministers of his government, in company with his friend General McNaughton, with whom he fought those who insisted on the introduction of compulsory overseas military service. There is no doubt that the votes of soldiers, sailors and airmen on service abroad defeated Mr. Mackenzie King in his constituency at Prince Albert. At the outset of the General Election campaign Mr. Mackenzie King announced that it was his last battle, and if he were defeated he must retire. It is assumed that he meant that he would retire if his government were defeated, for there will be no trouble in finding a safe seat for him in order that he can continue as Prime Minister. All the same, it is an unusual situation. His party has won a majority, but he has lost his seat.

Some politicians might feel that they had been slighted by their electors, and in such circumstances they would not try to make a second bid for a personal vote of confidence. But if this were to happen in Mr. Mackenzie King's case the difficulty would be to find a Liberal successor to him as Prime Minister. He is without a rival as a politician and administrator, for he has been Prime Minister of Canada five times. Among the rank and file politicians of Canada there appear to be few leaders of his capacity, but this does not mean that there are not men of great quality in the Dominion capable of leadership. They just do not happen to be in politics. I am



Flag Day in Gibraltar

Lady Eastwood, wife of Lt.-Gen. Sir Ralph Eastwood, Governor and C.-in-C. Gibraltar since 1944, bought her War Fund emblem from Lady Gaggero. The photograph was taken in the John Mackintosh Square



The Old Vic Theatre Company in Hamburg

During the Company's two weeks' stay in Hamburg, Ralph Richardson and Laurence Olivier went on a sight-seeing tour. They are seen with two of our naval force, Cannon (A.B.) of Leicester, and Rendrey (A.B.) of Southend-on-Sea

optimists and the pessimists who have put on record their views about the length of the Japanese war. Like a bulldozer going into action the General told an assembly of newspaper correspondents the other day: "As soon as people here realize there is a terrible big war going on out there, and as soon as they take off their coats and roll up their sleeves and get down to it like they did against the Germans the sooner the whole thing will be over. Election or no election, home problems or no home problems, we have got to get down at once to finishing the job. . . ." This is soldier's sense, which must make some of the politicians who talk as if the war were over and our problems abroad meant nothing, feel rather silly.

Safety

ANOTHER general has been talking sense, but this is not for the first time. When he got to Washington, making his triumphal return to his own country for the first time since he was appointed Supreme Allied Commander, General Eisenhower told the American people that the only way to insulate Germany against the rise of further warmongers was to destroy the German General Staff root and branch. It is not a new idea in this post-war period, any more than it was after the last war. It

General Eisenhower is certain that the army archives of Germany should be destroyed, and army staff officers segregated, for wherever one or two of these gentlemen are gathered together there is certainty of a plot. In asserting that they must never be allowed to rise and threaten Europe and the world again, General Eisenhower was curiously silent about what others should do. Yet he must have thought something about this, too. Surely the only certain way of preventing German military action in the future is to maintain a military understanding between Britain and the United States. Between the two wars there was supposed to be constant military contact, in a shadowy kind of way, between Britain and France. If war is going to be prevented in the future, in Europe or elsewhere, there must be something more definite than the kind of arrangement which existed between Britain and France. One suggestion is that the Joint Chiefs of Staffs Committee, which sits in Washington and has a counterpart in London, should be maintained.

Resistance

KING LEOPOLD of the Belgians has had a troubled life ever since the tragic death of his father in a climbing accident. His determination to return to his country and throne



De Gaulle Honours Eisenhower

After a dinner held in his honour, the Supreme Allied Commander received from General De Gaulle the sword made for Napoleon when he was elected First Consul of the Republic

certain, however, that in the post-war years Canada will produce strong and virile leaders from the young politicians who will emerge from among the men who have lived and fought in this war. Canada's war record is remarkable. Her future is tremendous. She possesses vast resources. The war has developed her production organization. She has wealth and space and great geographical advantages. She lies, as it were, between Soviet Russia and the United States. In the new air age Canada must become a country of significance and, I believe and trust, of considerable influence.

Divided

PROFESSOR HAROLD LASKI has long been an influential force in the Labour Party, but it has always been as one of the back-room boys, based on his undoubted intellectual power. In this election he has emerged from the back room and appeared on the platform where the limelight has caught him as never before. As chairman of the Labour Party conference he has been accused by politicians in other parties of trying to dictate to

the leader of the Labour Party in Parliament, Mr. Clement Attlee, how he should comport himself when he goes to Berlin to attend the Three Power Conference with Mr. Churchill. Professor Laski says that Mr. Attlee should go as an observer. But Mr. Churchill's idea when inviting Mr. Attlee to accompany was that he should, on behalf of the Labour Party, under-write any agreement which might be made at the conference.

In making the gesture I believe that Mr. Churchill was acting without any particular political motive. It is a fact that in the middle of a General Election no one man could commit the British Government to a course of policy. The President of the United States knows this as much as Marshal Stalin must know it. Mr. Churchill was aware, when arrangements for the conference were being made, that he could not attend and speak in the name of the British Government, because either one of the Big Two might say to him at any moment: "But how can you agree to this course. We don't know that you are going to be returned to power." So to meet this

possibility, and to ensure that the opportunity of paving the path of peace was not lost, Mr. Churchill asked Mr. Attlee to attend the Berlin conference with him so that he can retort to the Big Two: "If I am not returned to power, Mr. Attlee will be. Therefore any agreement we make here will be honoured by Britain." It is all so simple. There is no political trick in this.

Professor Laski revealed his lack of knowledge of politics in practice when he insisted that Mr. Attlee could only observe and not agree. It was all said as if Mr. Churchill would compel Mr. Attlee to accept some Conservative policy as against some Socialist conception of international affairs. But it is more foolish when one considers that Mr. Churchill has been pursuing a foreign policy which Labour Ministers in the Cabinet have found completely satisfactory for the last five years. By his stubborn insistence on making a reservation about Mr. Attlee's position, Professor Laski has revealed a division in the ranks of the Labour Party which if it is not healed will become The Intellectuals versus The Rest.



Commander of the 17th Indian Division Discusses Battle Plans

Major-General D. T. Cowan, D.S.O., M.C., has commanded the 17th Indian Division in Burma for over three years. He succeeded Major-General "Jackie" Smyth, V.C. Major-General Cowan, who created the famous Black Cat sign of the Division, was at one time Deputy Director of Military Training at General Headquarters, India.

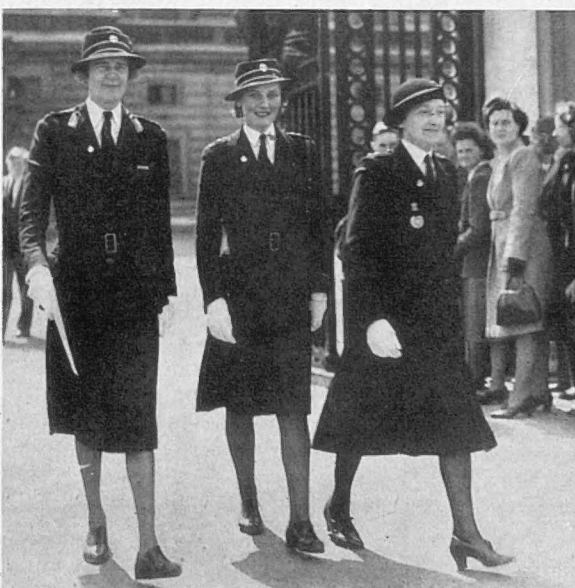


The 14th Army Commander Arrives Home on Leave

Lieutenant-General Sir William Slim and his wife have arrived home in England for a short holiday after seven years' absence. Lady Slim travelled in the uniform of the Indian Red Cross, of which she has been a leading member for some years. Their two children, a boy of eighteen and a girl of fourteen, are still in India.



Lieutenant-Colonel "Gus" Newman, of the Essex Regiment, has been awarded the V.C. for the historic part he played in the St. Nazaire Commando raid of 1942. He is seen with his wife



Her Majesty recently presented Distinguished War Service Certificates to members of the British Red Cross. Lady Olein Wyndham-Quinn, Lady Maureen Brabazon and Mrs. Street left the Palace together



When Field-Marshal Montgomery visited the 6th Guards Armoured Brigade near Kiel early this month he presented Major the Earl of Cathcart with the D.S.O. and the M.C.

Distinguished Services in the Allied Cause Are Recognized in England and Abroad

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Seeing Is Not Believing

By James Agate

A CANADIAN editor sends me the following extract from a Diary which he publishes in his weekly paper:—

Read two interesting criticisms of the English movie *The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp*. The *Montreal Gazette* said that "its very wit and intelligence may hamper it outside big cities," and the *Toronto Globe* said: "I doubt if it will have much appeal to the average movie-goer because *Blimp* is a very intelligent and provocative motion picture." This seems to say that the average movie-goer is a boob, which I do not believe: but Hollywood treats him as a boob.

WE are all inclined to echo Mr. Bumble's opinion that the law in this country is a ass. I should hesitate to think the same of the law of any other country, particularly America. Unfortunately *I'll Be Seeing You* (Odeon) drives me to this conclusion or something very close to it. A stenographer is invited by her boss to a party. Anxious to create an impression, the little fool arranges to make a late entry, only to discover when she gets to the man's apartment that it is empty except for her host who by this time has got

the best thing in the film is Shirley Temple, who began as a child-horror and is rapidly becoming a considerable actress in her own right.

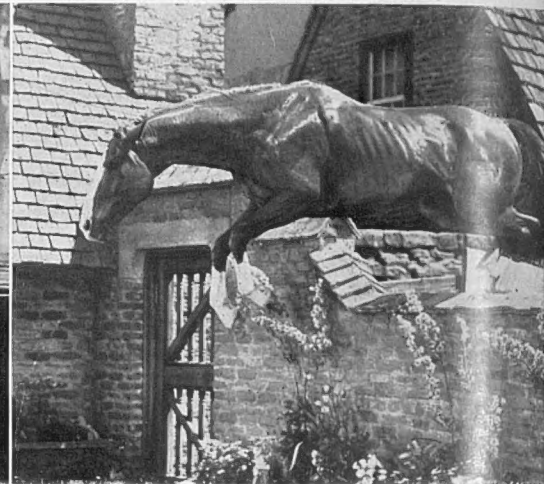
AN interesting article might be written on the limits of belief in (a) real life, (b) the novel, (c) the theatre and (d) the film. Today I am concerned with (d). Sitting in a cinema I am prepared to believe in the high-school amateur actress who, on Prize-giving Day at Vermont, gives so brilliant a performance of Jo in *Little Women*, that a leading New York actor who happens to be present engages her as his Lady Macbeth, in which part she wipes him off the stage at the dress rehearsal but refrains from doing so on the first night proper because at supper on the



1. Velvet's mother (Anne Revere) shows her daughter, Velvet (Elizabeth Taylor), the scrap book that contains the pictures of her own exploits. She was once a famous Channel swimmer



2. Mi Taylor (Mickey Rooney), a former jockey, is befriended by Velvet, who takes him home to her family. Mr. Brown rather unwillingly gives him a job. (Above) He is seen telling Velvet's young brother, Donald, a story



3. "Pie," the beautiful horse belonging to Farmer Ede, is much admired by Velvet; while she and Mi are watching it one day the majestic animal suddenly jumps a high wall, and makes off

and the poor dope (I refer again to the average movie-goer) is too apathetic to resent it; he does not want to use the brains he has. Most movie-goers, of course, have never seen any entertainment better than a Hollywood movie, and thus they have no standard by which to judge what is good or bad. When it comes to such matters the Common Man is not really stupid, but he is something which may be much worse—he is boundlessly lazy. And in the Century of the Common Man most of us are condemned to accept the entertainment which appeals to the intellectually lazy majority of the population. Democracy may be good for the citizen, but it imposes a heavy drag on the arts.

IN a letter to me the editor goes on to say:—

If most Canadians do not understand the speech of English actors, it is not because that speech is incomprehensible, but because the Common Man in Canada is averse from understanding anybody but his immediate associates, and them only on the most superficial level. The clipping from the *Diary* is expressed with almost unbearable timidity, since vigorous or forthright criticism of the national intelligence is resented with almost hysterical ferocity. Canada suffers from artistic malnutrition: music is the only art which commands respect and general support. There is no theatre except in Toronto and Montreal, and very little there. Few Canadians have seen a play, and few have seen a movie which was not made in Hollywood. There is little film criticism, and what there is is addressed to an inexperienced audience. But there is an audience for good English films among the more discerning Canadians: they welcome a relief from the childishness of Hollywood, and the prurient-pure, daintily-salacious Hays Office attitude toward sex. *Fanny By Gaslight* is causing some fuss here because the heroine is a bastard: Canada, you must understand, is a very nice country. No, Canada does not actively dislike English films: it is just too dumb, as a usual thing, to understand anything which is not thoroughly familiar.

sozzled. Instead of beating a retreat she stops to parley, and after a bit realizes that, like the gentleman in Anita Loos's novel who "became shot," she is in danger of becoming raped. In her struggle to avoid this she pushes her assailant through the window, failing to realize that the apartment is on the fourteenth floor. Now, British law says that if you accidentally kill somebody while engaged in some nefarious proceeding you commit manslaughter. But, to resist rape is by no means a nefarious proceeding, and I understand that many New York cuties spend the whole of their time in this resistance movement, and, according to Damon Runyon, are highly thought of by many citizens in consequence. Any British jury would have promptly acquitted this film's heroine, and added a rider to the effect that any gentleman known to possess the boss's tendency should be accommodated on the twenty-eighth floor to make sure. According to Synopsis, American law is more severe. Stenographers who kill somebody in defence of their honour must go to prison for six years. Which, if this be true, would suggest that the American law is a ass, which I just don't believe. It appears further that such young women are allowed a Christmas furlough. I see. Scores of cuties are to be allowed to roam about the country winning the affections of scores of decent young soldiers, sailors and airmen, after which they must either tell them the truth and break their hearts, or keep the truth from them with the implication that they are just common little sluts. Not even the considerable talent of Joseph Cotten who plays the airman could reconcile me to this rubbish. And incidentally I find I am getting tired of Ginger Rogers. Again incidentally I cannot believe that Spring Byington is the mother of every one I see on the screen. No,

previous evening she has fallen in love with him. I am prepared to believe in that young girl who in Memphis is heard singing Schubert's "Ave Maria" through an open window, and, overheard by the director of the New York Metropolitan Opera House who happens to be passing, makes her debut in New York a fortnight later as The Queen of Night. She then, on tour, sings Gilda and Rosina, followed by Madame Butterfly and Isolda, and finally dies in Cincinnati of a broken blood-vessel. These things I will believe. What I will not believe is that a twelve-year-old schoolgirl who has never been on a racecourse in her life can school and ride a horse to win the English Grand National, even with the assistance of Mickey Rooney to pilot his sweet-faced little jockey through the dressing-room at Aintree and past Weatherby's and the Stewards.

THERE are too many things about *National Velvet* (Empire) that I can't and won't believe. I won't believe that any Sussex butcher can be such an ass as to raffle an obviously first-rate steeple-chaser at a bob a ticket. Or that any child of twelve could get round the Grand National course even if her mother is an ex-Cross-Channel swimmer. Or that the other jockeys in the dressing-room would not twig the sex of the intruder. Or that any English parent would call a daughter Malvolia. Or that the book bears any relation to Miss Bagnold's novel. Or that if it does I should believe that novel either. You see, I know what it takes to win a harness championship, and I don't believe the Aintree affair is any easier. *Why didn't they fantascitate it in the Walt Disney manner?* On the other hand, it is only fair to say that the race itself is tremendously exciting and that Elizabeth Taylor is a pet.



4. Velvet, who has a way with horses, prevents Pie from running away, and later, when Farmer Ede decides to raffle the horse because it is so difficult to manage, Mi buys Velvet a ticket, and she wins



5. Velvet decides to run Pie in the Grand National and the family help to prepare the racing colours (Juanita Quigley, Donald Crisp, Mickey Rooney, Angela Lansbury, Elizabeth Taylor, Anne Revere)



6. To Mi's surprise Mrs. Brown gives Velvet her savings for the race entrance fee, and Mi and Velvet spend months training the "Pie." They are seen plotting the course together

"National Velvet"

A Fairy Tale of Two Children and a Horse

Enid Bagnold's successful novel has made a charming film. Mickey Rooney is the young out-of-work rider, who has had a bad accident in which he blames himself for the death of a fellow jockey: while with spirit and sensitiveness the brilliant young newcomer Elizabeth Taylor plays Velvet, the butcher's daughter who wins the Grand National. This story is really a fairy tale about a boy and a girl who had a dream that came true. The film is in Technicolor, and the scenes of the Grand National are most excitingly and accurately well reproduced. The supporting cast, headed by that excellent actor, Donald Crisp, as Velvet's father, Mr. Brown, all give very fine performances



8. On his return he finds that Velvet, too, has her heart set on riding the next day, and overrules his objections and fears that her deception will not succeed. She disguises herself as a boy, and dressed for the race receives last-minute instructions from the worried and anxious Mi



7. Arriving at Aintree they find with horror that their jockey has let them down. Desperately worried, Mi decides to ride the "Pie" himself, though he has never been on a horse since the time that he had a bad accident; he goes off for a ride on Pie



9. Velvet rides brilliantly in the great race and wins. Immediately after she slips from the saddle in a dead faint, and is carried to the field hospital where her deception is discovered. The second horse is declared the winner as she is disqualified, but Velvet and Mi are happy, as Pie has proved himself a champion

The Theatre

Shakespeare in Regents Park

PEOPLE who have shared danger together are naturally something of a mutual admiration society, and there was a special note of intimate warmth in the welcome given to Mr. Robert Atkins and his Bankside Players on their return this summer to the greensward stage in Regents Park. It could not be forgotten so soon that while the flying bombs were falling audiences which should have been crouching in cellars, appalled by Dr. Goebbels's account of their plight, were placidly watching these same players in some golden Shakespearean comedy in this same theatre.

On both sides of the trim privet hedge which here stands for the footlights, a becoming modesty graced the reunion: the regulars took pride in the players for having issued the hazardous invitation, the players in the regulars who had been bold enough to accept it. It may be hoped that this special feeling for the Open-Air Theatre will outlast the season. For, bombs or no bombs, this enterprise is doomed to work under an uncertain sky; and it may well turn out that some people fear a shower of rain rather more than they seemed to fear a bomb.

ONLY to a relatively small number of Londoners is the Open-Air Theatre a precious addition to the summer pleasures. It is a fairly recent addition, or the number of those who indulge it would assuredly be greater. No form of playgoing is less austere. Every one knows how delicious it is to recline in a deck-chair listening to the band, reading a novel or watching the swallows. All that can be said against this seductive pastime is that few can stay awake long enough to enjoy it thoroughly.

It was Mr. Sydney Carroll who, some years before the war, taught some Londoners that much the same sensations could be exquisitely prolonged. A canvas chair in his theatre, they discovered, induced a mood of repose, of content, of unhurried anticipation. As soon as the stage filled with bright historic costumes there was enough visual interest to keep sleep at bay; and after a little while the loungers in the open

air found themselves listening, spell-bound, to "the most magical, the most musical of all voices" and the deck-chair had become a comfortable flying carpet carrying them into the world of imagination. All theatrical enterprises are perilous, but until more Londoners discover the pleasantness of an afternoon spent in the Open-Air Theatre, or until the Arts Council increases its present modest subsidy, a gallant venture must continue to struggle against heavy odds.

ACTING in the open air is, of course, an art rather of presentation than of representation. That is to say, its main object is not to create a perfect illusion but rather to please the eye with bold, sweeping patterns of colour and to enchant the ear with poetry more or less directly declaimed as was the common practice in the pre-Sheridanian theatre. Still, much may be done by judicious touches here and

there to make the best of both the old kind of theatre and the new.

Mr. Eric Capon, a producer new to Regents Park, does remarkably well in this way with *As You Like It*. Now and again it seems that he might do even more for imitative representation by not allowing the players to wander quite so freely about the huge stage, notably when the impetuous Orlando rudely threatens the nonchalant Jaques with his sword and is separated from his cynically indifferent victim by at least a dozen lusty foresters. But Mr. George Hayes contrives, nevertheless, to give as vivid a sketch of the humorously titchy and aloof melancholic as would adorn any realistic indoors production, and Mr. Michael Ingham is, on the other hand, a perfect out-of-doors Orlando, vigorous and sonorous. Miss Cicely Paget-Bowman is an indoors Rosalind, a delicately nurtured Duke's daughter, gently musical in her speaking and quiet in her humour, yet alive and keeping her smiling authority over the Touchstones, the Celias, the Audreys and the courtly exiles who are very properly played in a more resonant key. It is an excellent beginning to a season which is later to try conclusions with the more urban tragi-comedy of *The Merchant Of Venice*.

ANTHONY COOKMAN.



The Wrestling Match: Dennis Goacher as Le Beau, Michael Ingham as Orlando, Leslie Wright as Charles, a wrestler, and Percy Cartwright as Adam



A Prince in Exile: Peter Upcher as the banished Duke

Travellers Incognito: Celia and Rosalind, journeying in disguise with Touchstone, the Fool, meet Corin, the shepherd (Lionel Stevens, Anna Burden, John Miller, and Cicely Paget-Bowman)

"All the world's a stage..."
George Hayes as Jaques



Fred Daniels

In Paris Now

Margaret Leighton is a Member
of the Old Vic Theatre Company

Twenty-three-year-old Margaret Leighton, who less than a year ago was a newcomer to the West End stage, is now in Paris, one of the lucky members of the Old Vic Theatre Company, which is the first foreign company ever to appear on the stage of the Comédie Française. The Old Vic Company open their two-weeks season at the historic house of Molière on Monday next, July 2nd, and while they are there their more familiar home at the New Theatre will be occupied by the French players from the Comédie Française. The Old Vic Company, who have already completed a long E.N.S.A. tour of the Continent, are playing *Arms and the Man*, *Richard III.* and *Peer Gynt* while in Paris. In these Margaret Leighton appears as Raina, Queen Elizabeth and The Green Woman respectively. Born in Birmingham, she was "discovered" when the three directors of the Old Vic Company, John Burrell, Laurence Olivier and Ralph Richardson, visited the Birmingham Repertory Company in search of new talent last summer

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

Birthday Honours

PROBABLY no one honoured in the King's official Birthday List has been more congratulated than tall, good-looking Lieut.-Colonel Sir Terence Nugent, who received the K.C.V.O. Sir Terence, known to a host of friends in the Brigade of Guards and outside it as "Tim," is Comptroller of the Lord Chamberlain's Department, and as such, second only to the Lord Chamberlain himself in all matters connected with Courts and other social functions at Buckingham Palace. During the war, Sir Terence, who is in the Irish Guards, has done a fine job of work at Headquarters of London Command, in addition to his Court duties, which have been mainly concerned with Investitures, at many of which he has deputised for Lord Clarendon. He has the reputation of having the best manners of any man in London, as well as being one of the ablest and most efficient organisers in the country.

As an additional mark of honour, the King

knighted Sir Terence and invested him with the K.C.V.O. in private audience on the morning of his official birthday. Sir Terence, who served as Equerry to the King during his tour of Australia as Duke of York in 1927, is married, and lives in St. John's Wood, not far from where Lord and Lady Wigram have their new town house.

Ascot in June

THIS was not the glorious Ascot of pre-war days; just a one-day meeting on a Saturday as we have known for the past two years, but with two exceptions—firstly, with the return of the basic petrol ration, all the car-parks were very soon full; secondly, and far more important, the card included those two famous two-year-old races the Coventry Stakes and the Queen Mary Stakes. It was the first time since 1939 that these two-year-old classics have been run on the Royal Heath, and it was also the first occasion when Newmarket horses have

been allowed to compete away from headquarters since regional racing was started. The Aga Khan and Frank Butters, his trainer, completed a wonderful double by winning both these races. The Aga's nice colt Khaled won the Coventry in very convincing manner, and his Nearco filly Rivaz won the Queen Mary.

Royal Spectator

PRINCESS ELIZABETH's surprise appearance alone at the Ascot week-end meeting delighted the thousands of racegoers on the course. The Princess arrived by car without any ceremony, and the first most people knew of her presence was when they saw her, in her now familiar A.T.S. uniform, walking across to the paddock to see the horses saddled. Nothing would delight Turf lovers more than to see H.R.H. register her own colours and become an owner. The Duchess of Kent, who was wearing navy blue, joined Princess Elizabeth in the Royal Box in time to see the races. With them were Sir Ulick Alexander, Lord and Lady Herbert (the latter in a suit of mushroom pink), Lady Stanley and Major and Lady Joan Philipps.

On the Course

MOST of the women wore suits, and there were few, if any, flimsy dresses. The Duchess of Sutherland, who was accompanied by the Duke, wore a little pink cap with her

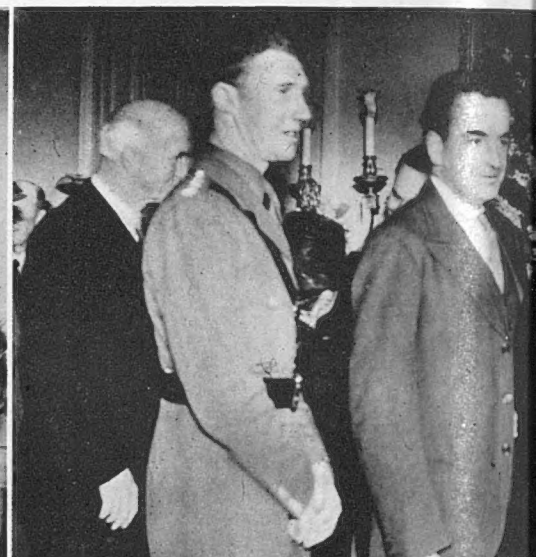
(Continued on page 394)



Mr. John Dewar, Lady Roderic Pratt, her sister, Miss Mollie Wyndham-Quin, and Mrs. John Dewar



On their way into the reception were the Earl and Countess of Warwick



Capt. John Baxendale and Earl Beatty were standing in a queue



Lord and Lady Newton were together



The Hon. Mrs. Randolph Churchill and Lord Brownlow, who lent his home, Belton, for the honeymoon



Col. Michael Crichton and Mrs. David Niven, who is the wife of the famous film-star

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The Queen Charlotte's First Peacetime Summer Debutantes' Ball



The Hon. Ann Lowther and her mother, Viscountess Lowther, had F/Lt. Allen Thorne between them



Right: Lord Swansea, who is the 4th Baron, was telling something amusing to Miss J. Brook



Miss J. Brook, Capt. M. Cooper, the Hon. Mrs. C. Bernard, who is a sister of Lord Swansea, and a large basket of something exciting



The Hon. Sheila Portman, who is the daughter of the late Viscount Portman, and of Viscountess Portman, Mrs. B. H. Bonham-Carter and Lt.-Col. Bonham-Carter



Major Derek Hague was saying something serious to Princess Danush of Albania

Enjoying life were Princess Teri of Albania and Major Tony Pawson

The Hon. F. N. W. Cornwallis, who is Lord Cornwallis's son and heir, was with his wife, the Hon. Mrs. F. N. W. Cornwallis

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

IF that extensive sale of scenic and other equipment and stores at Rushmoor Arena this month indicates, as Auntie *Times* deduced with her customary verve, that the Aldershot Tattoo will not be given again for some time, it is hardly a surprise. The citizenry will have had its basinfu! of military spectacle by VJ Day, maybe.

Whether the Royal Tournament at Olympia will also be suspended for a time we wouldn't know. Always beautifully produced, like the Rushmoor show, the Tournament was remarkable for the tact with which its incidental guns and bombs went off, loudly enough to be noticed but not loudly enough to afflict elderly ladies and clubmen with alarm and despondency. Moreover, as Mr. Harold Nicolson or somebody once noted over the air, the Tournament occasionally produced something quite brilliant, such as that synchronised display by the pick of the Army's massed fencing-masters, an exquisitely graceful Watteauesque ballet which Diaghilev would have admired. To watch the rhythmic daintiness of that ensemble and to realise that each tiny white distant unit was a kind of hippogriff dominated by rage and violence, given to oaths and swollen veins and inspiring widespread fear and dislike, was a curiously mystic experience.

There 'll probably be time to revive the Tattoo at least once before the next war, we guess. But it will never be the same, to us again, for we shall never again hear, in the middle of some terrific big-scale crash-bang assault-and-battery piece in the arena, the quiet drawl of E. V. Lucas at our elbow, discussing the art of Manet.

Urge

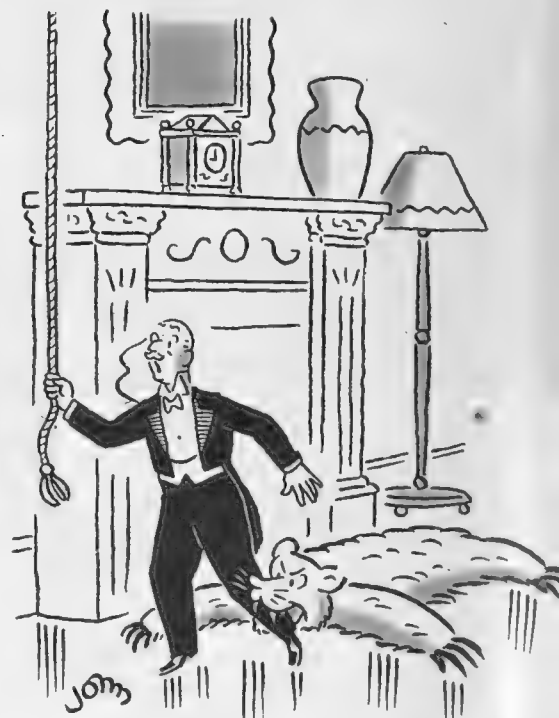
SOME 250 architects have already submitted designs for the new Crystal Palace, apparently, and some 5000 architects from all over the world have made inquiries. A Harley Street psychologist deduced to us from these facts last week that large numbers of architects are not happy in their home-life.

An F.R.I.B.A. we know confirms this. Many architects, he says, on becoming discontented with their brides take to reading Burke on *The Sublime and The Beautiful*. Slogger Burke's theory is, or was, that what is big is sublime. In the Society of Arts building in

what remains of the Adelphi you can still see how this vexing idea was carried into practice by the morose painter James Barry, R.A., the keynote being enormous women with thighs like 47 guns. Hence anything-like a Crystal Palace competition stirs thousands of brooding architects like a trumpet-blast. As the poet Scott has sung in *The F.R.I.B.A. Rover's Adieu*:

He waved the blueprints as he spake,
And started for the door,
He gave the old T-square a shake,
Said 'Adieu for evermore,
'My Love,
And adieu for evermore.'

We said to this psychologist: "There may be other reasons than frustration for the urge to design a new Crystal Palace," and the psychologist said "Good God."



"Help, help!"

Coach

MULTIPLY the thick gilt and rococo carvings and panel-painting of the Royal State coach, now back in the Mews at Buckingham Palace, by a hundred or so, and we get some dim idea of the dazzle of London traffic in the first three-quarters of the eighteenth century, when every nobleman had a town-coach more or less like that, all over gilded Cupids and Tritons and cornucopias and whatnots, with panels painted with coats-of-arms and flowery designs in brilliant colour.

The state coach of the Lord Mayor also survives intact from that welter of beauty. Contemplating his Lordship swaying along amid the passionate huzzas of the citizenry, we've often thought that his coach, decorative as it is, lacks that inspiration which (say) a Hogarth might have given it. An artist chap we know once designed a far better one. At one corner, for example, was a gilded allegorical group showing Chastity, Prudence, and Civic Co-Operation handing Four Hundred Per Cent. to the Money-Market. At another corner was a gilded group of nude stockbrokers and nymphs performing the Contango Dance with Cupids and Graces. On the roof was Civic Virtue swooning in the embrace of Salmon and Gluckstein. No inch of space was left undecorated, and a tasteful repetition of the stag's head or cuckoldry motif linked the twentieth century with the eighteenth and its simple healthy fun.

Have you ever wondered why the faces of Aldermen are so red?



"Well! I wonder where I left my husband, then"

(Concluded on page 398)



Cheswardine Hall is near Market Drayton

Family Life in Cheshire

Mr. and Mrs. Donaldson-Hudson's Small Daughter is Christened at Cheswardine



The Squire and His Lady



Two of the Family Pets—Mirabel and Mariegold

● Cheswardine Hall is the home of Mr. John Donaldson-Hudson and his actress-wife, Jane Carr, who was formerly Miss Dorothy Henrietta Brunstrom, only daughter of the late Rudolf Otto Brunstrom, of Whitley Bay, Northumberland. Their small daughter has some distinguished godparents, among them Mr. Jack Buchanan, Miss Marianne Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Pat Hall and Mr. and Mrs. Morley Kennerley. Friends at the christening included Mr. John Wright, whose mother was a celebrated hostess in the Biarritz villa colony in pre-war days, and Air Vice-Marshal C. E. Porter. Mrs. Hudson—a coloratura soprano—is giving a recital at Wigmore Hall on July 12th

Photographs by Brodrick Vernon



The Christening at Cheswardine Parish Church was Followed by a Party in the Grounds

The small daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Donaldson-Hudson was christened Charlotte Jane at the Parish Church recently. Charlotte is in the arms of one of her godmothers, Mrs. Morley Kennerley, wife of a director of Faber and Faber. In the centre is her mother, and on the left her grandmother, Mrs. R. C. Donaldson-Hudson

Air Vice-Marshal C. E. Porter looked after Miss Marianne Davis, who was also a godmother. The cabaret act, "Jane Carr and Marianne Davis," will long be remembered. Marianne expects to leave England soon for Southern France to sing to convalescent troops at Cannes

Standing By ...

(Continued)

Tzigane

RALLYING as ever, not without homespun roasts, round the Min. of Agriculture, dairy-farmers down our way are willing enough to achieve that extra 13 per cent milk-output demanded by 1947 if the Whitehall boys will send round more gipsy orchestras to stimulate the cows.

During the war the Bureau of Agricultural Psychology did us pretty well with string-quartets playing Bach and Beethoven, but the cows have had enough of the classics. Udder times, udder manners, as we hayseeds say. Once by mistake in 1944 the Bureau sent us a gipsy orchestra intended to ginger up production on an experimental silkworm-farm, and the cows loved it. The leader, a fierce shockheaded Magyar named Izzy Burpstein, had the old Budapest trick of leaning over, individual cows (or silkworms) and yearning into their eyes as he swayed to and fro with his wild mournful fiddle. This sent up the milk-yield some 5 per cent and gave every cow a rapt expression.

Footnote

M^{R.} BURPSTEIN, one of the Bureau's aces, is incidentally the gipsy who bit Mrs. Faughaghton-Fidsworth's hand off while kissing it in Budapest in 1925, an incident still quoted admiringly in gipsy orchestra circles. Mrs. Faughaghton-Fidsworth's daughter was the first to mention it, in her cool drawl.

"Why, Mumsie! He has bitten your hand off at the wrist!"

"Really, Esmé! No scenes, please! We are abroad!"

Here Mrs. F-F with wellbred nonchalance placed the severed hand in her handbag and surveyed several foreigners through a lorgnette as the manager arrived, apologetic.

"Pardon, Madame—that gipsy, he has bitten you?"

"Oh dear no. A mere scratch."

"He is very—'ow you say—temperamentvoll."

"Really? I hadn't noticed it."

The manager retired, frozen, the band struck up a merry *czardas*. Gipsy Burpstein grinned and waved gaily and was duly ignored, and the honour of Queen's Gate was saved.

Show

ALL that howling and roaring in the Commons over the wearing of Service uniforms by election candidates would have sounded just right, we thought, in the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford, where Parliament very nearly decided to move after the bombing of the House, as was recently divulged.

West End professional opinion on that near-decision is divided. On the one hand the proceedings might well have recalled an ideal big-scale performance of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* ("plenty of Fairy Queens and hundreds of Bottoms," as an impresario remarked pensively). On the other hand, most M.P.s mumble and fluff, Les Glamour Girls have about as much idea of discipline as a Parisian revue-chorus, and though some of the principals speak admirable blank verse they don't do it well enough to hold the stage. For example, a noble passage extracted from the *Times* report of that day:

Under the Standing Orders it is laid Down that on days appointed for concluding The business of Supply, consideration Of the aforesaid business shall not be Anticipated by some other business, And that the aforesaid business shall not be Subject to interruption. I should point Out that there is an opportunity Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow...



"Ting-a-ling-a-ling-a-ling!"

Maybe we've corrected the last line unconsciously from *Hamlet*. Anyway, the "supers" were all yowling "Why not?" and "Question!" and "Order!" and so forth most of the time. This would probably break a West End producer's heart, a feat which is difficult but not impossible. However, it's too late now.

Call

BEAUTY-EXPERTS are resuming the old fanatical campaign against shiny noses, little recking what part the refraction of light from a glossy proboscis plays in the life of many an English Rose.

Naturalists explain the shiny nose by analogy with the glow-worm. On summer evenings you may have observed the glow-worm climbing up a grass-stalk and displaying her tiny light far and near. It is a signal to her mate, a thin, drab, anxious personality, who comes lolloping obediently along and joins her in a fond embrace. Thus, say the Nature boys, does the sun flashing on (for example) typical feminine noses in the Members' Stand at Lord's during the mating-season perform the same useful function. The male in this instance, as Professor Sir Osbert Sitwell's research has proved, is a shy cold awkward creature who converses by tapping his pipe on wood and uttering strange cries.

"Oh, held, Sir!" (Tap, tap.)

"Oh, hard cheese, Sir!" (Tap, tap.)

He affects at first to ignore the mating-signal flashed, as from a heliograph, from the loved one's dainty snozzle, but sooner or later a blinding beam does the trick.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Insular? My dear, she's becoming positively provincial"



Major Ian Hope-Johnston, Miss Elizabeth Stirling, Capt. Nigel Miskin and the Hon. Katherine Bruce, who is the second daughter of Lord Balfour of Burleigh



Lord Buckhurst, who is Earl De La Warr's son and heir, Mrs. Ian Hope-Johnston, Lt. Michael Brandon and Mrs. Hawkswell

Photographs at Bagatelle and Mirabell by Swaebe

Food and Conversation in London Restaurants



Lady Willcox, Lt.-Gen. Sir Henry Willcox, Lady Digby, who is the wife of the present baron and the Hon. Mrs. Randolph Churchill's mother, and Brig. K. M. Cariappa



At a table for two were the Hon. Elizabeth Cholmondeley, Lord Delamere's elder daughter, and Sub-Lt. John Innes-Fiskin



The Hon. Mrs. Jock Leslie was with her husband, F/Lt. the Hon. Jock Leslie, who is the brother of the Earl of Rothes



Two people who were looking thoughtful were Sir Osmond Williams, who is in the Greys, and Mrs. D. Platt



Miss June Osborne was listening intently to the Duke of Rutland, who possibly was telling her of his experiences in France

Allied Commanders in France



Lt.-Gen. W. Bedell Smith



Gen. Courtney H. Hodges



Air Vice-Marshal Broadhurst
C.B., D.S.O., D.F.C.

These Portraits were
in Normandy Last Summer
Hours and Often With



Gen. Omar Bradley



Air Chief-Marshal Sir Arthur Tedder, G.C.B., K.C.B.

Portraits by Cathleen Mann



*Brig. Durnford Slater,
D.S.O.*



*Air Marshal Sir Arthur Coningham,
K.C.B., D.S.O., M.C., D.F.C., A.F.C.*



*Major-Gen. Miles Graham,
C.B.E., M.C.*



The late Admiral Sir B. H. Ramsay, K.C.B., K.B.E.



*Major-Gen. Sir Francis W. de Guingand,
K.B.E., C.B.E., D.S.O., O.B.E.*

ainted at Forward H.Q.s
Every One in Under Two
Mile of the Firing Line



Stream Farm, near Bordon, Hampshire

A Family Party in Hampshire

Lord and Lady Selsdon and Petrina at Home



Lady Selsdon and Her Infant Daughter, Petrina



Lord Selsdon is a keen model yachtsman, and demonstrates the feats of his destroyer and merchantman to S/Ldr. Frame Thompson and his brother-in-law, Mr. John Greenish



A Family Group at Stream Farm



Visitors who came to see the baby were Mr. John Greenish and Miss Katrina Stanley, who, with Lord and Lady Selsdon, make a cheerful quartette in the garden

● Lt. Lord Selsdon, D.S.C., R.N.V.R., married Miss Dorothy Greenish last year. She is the eldest daughter of the late Mr. Frederick John Greenish, of Honnington Hall, Lincoln, and of Mrs. D. F. Greenish, of Chelsea. Lord Selsdon, who was a well-known Brooklands racing motorist in peacetime, won his D.S.C. for conspicuous gallantry while serving in M.T.B.s in the Coastal Forces. Lord and Lady Selsdon have a daughter, the Hon. Petrina Frances Anne Mitchell-Thompson, who was born in April. Their attractive home, Stream Farm, stands in about ten acres of woodland, while part of the house is very old

Photographs by Swaebe

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Inquests

THESE functions, with possibly only one exception, are very boring, as in their very nature they are bound to be, considering that they have to do with things that are very dead. The one exception is that which culminates with the words "by some person or persons unknown." The interest is then vivid and continuing! The worst inquest is the bridge one.

For sheer waste of good time and good temper it stands alone. Of what use are the testy ejaculations: "Darling [or old bird], couldn't you see that I was simply shrieking for a club?" or "Surely you must have seen..."; or "Why in the name of all the seven deadly sins..." k.t.l. Often this sort of thing makes some people believe that the only fitting club for such occasions is the one which was so popular with Cœur de Lion and other Crusaders. It had a knob, studded with spikes, on the business end. Racing inquests are almost as bad, and quite as productive of naughty temper. The cleanest shift for A, surely, is to own up that B was right? Only Mr. Phil Bull, Matt Peacock, the distinguished creator of the slogan which ends with the words "Never owes," and *The Times'* Racing Correspondent were absolutely certain about Dante, son of Nearco. Personally, I had not the courage, and so sat on the fence rather than risk giving my friends bad advice. If Dante stood alone, there might still be some justification for the doubters; but he does not so stand. Naishapur, who ought to have won the Oaks, is by Nearco; Rivaz, who won the two-year-old fillies' "Oaks," the Queen Mary Stakes, is a daughter, so is Neolight, who was second; Orsino, a three-year-old, who won the Chobham Stakes (also at Ascot), is a son; Neapolitan, a recent winner, a two-year-old colt, is another, and instances can no doubt be multiplied. Verdict: most people, including the learned pundits at Newmarket, were far too hasty in their judgment and condemned Nearco on Nasrullah. He presented us with this one, who had a heart about the size of a pea and yet managed to get a place in a falsely-run Derby; but now that Nearco has had time to show us more of his wares, we must own up that we were wrong to judge by an inferior sample. I say, plump and plain, that I think those words "Never owes" should now, in justice to a good picker, be altered to "Never errs"! I am sure that even that Schaffskopf "Sir Edward" will concur!



Gilbert Adams

War Correspondent for the Far East

Miss Diana Gibson is shortly leaving England to become the first British woman war correspondent in the Far East. She is the daughter of Sir Kenneth Gibson, who was handicapper to the Western India Turf Club, and in 1943 married Major Anthony Greenly, Sir John Greenly's younger son.

The Two-Year-Olds' "Derby"

IF the Aga Khan's Khaled tops his handsome success in the Coventry Stakes with a win in the Middle Park, we shall have a ready-made favourite for next year's Derby. He won his race anyhow from the odds-on fancy, Lord Derby's Sky High, who had recently run clean away with the Wilburton Stakes at Newmarket, absolutely spread-eagling his field; but Khaled also had an equally bloodless, and more recent, victory to his credit, the Ashley Stakes on Derby Day. Primâ facie Khaled is entitled to be installed No. 1 of his sex, and Rivaz, the Nearco lady, in a corresponding position in hers, for she soundly trounced Neolight, who was handed round to us as a certainty, just as Sky High was for his race. The Aga Khan has got off on the right leg by winning the two first of the important two-year-old races, and let us hope that the owner's distinguished ancestor, the Old Man of the Mountains, managed to get a good bet in Béhisht; if there are any bookmakers there. Khaled and Rivaz

(Concluded on page 404)

A Keen Cricketer

The G.O.C. of London's A.-A. Defences during the blitz, Major-Gen. E. A. E. Tremlett, C.B., turned out for the M.C.C. when they played the Eton XI. this year. He has also recently formed a team from officers under his command which defeated the Cambridge XI. by 3 wickets at Colchester



O.U.D.S. Diamond Jubilee Production of "The Taming of the Shrew"

The O.U.D.S. presentation of "The Taming of the Shrew," which has been so successfully produced in Wadham College Gardens and Cloisters, has a very promising young actress in the part of Bianca, played by Miss Monica Sims. She is seen with her two suitors, Hortensio (Donald Parsons) and Lucentio (Kenneth Miles)



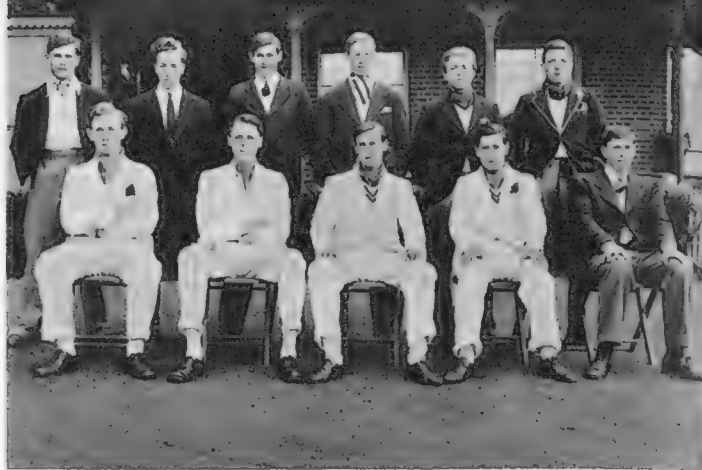
D. R. Stuart

Nevill Coghill, an Exeter Don, who is well remembered for having produced John Gielgud's "Midsummer Night's Dream," and other plays, took the part of Vincentio in "The Taming of the Shrew." The hero, Petruchio, was played by Arthur Ashby, who also produced the play, while Elaine Brunner played Katharina, the Shrew



Magdalen College, Winner of the Eights

Magdalen College, who have won the Headship of the River in the Eights for the second year running, have beaten Imperial College, London, and hope to win the open Challenge Cup at Henley this year. Above: D. J. Jameson (stroke), N. K. G. Rosser, D. G. Robertson-Campbell, L. H. Truelove, J. R. W. Gleave, J. E. A. Stuart, K. B. Everard, J. E. FitzGibbon



The Harrow XI. Who Meet Eton in July, at Eton

The Harrow XI, who meet Eton for the well-known match on July 14th have drawn with the Authentics at Dulwich, and lost to the Harlequins. Sitting: P. C. Hyde-Thompson, A. R. S. Tower, M. Garnett (captain), J. R. A. Arnott, J. C. Thorn. Standing: P. B. Blackwell, C. Wick, A. S. Day, M. J. W. Leven, E. A. Widderson, T. L. Holland

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

are now certain to be tipped for the 1946 Two Thousand and One Thousand Guineas, and if they win, for anything; but Cardinal Wiseman will wait. Personally, I think we can go as far as to say that in Khaled, Sky High, Down-rush, Tophana, Rivaz and Neolight we have a very promising crop, but it may be better to wait and see how these tender blossom buds of June develop after they, and others, have had a bit more sun on their backs. First impressions have never been infallible.

The Naturalist

A VERY attractive Bengali gentleman once gave me a book, which was in essence just a collection of his aphorisms which had been published over a period of years in one of India's journals of light and leading, and as so many of them had to do with natural history, I have unearthed one or two in case they may come in handy for either the Zoo Man or Professor Julian Huxley. When Anstey wrote his *A Bayard from Bengal*, I understand that he had never been out of England, certainly never in Bengal, and that rendered his creation of Jabberjee all the more astounding, but now, after

re-reading my ancient friend Mr. Bose's book, I feel that the author must have met him and used him as his model. The similarity of idiom and idea makes the suspicion well-nigh a certainty. I do not know whether Mr. Bose was the author of the deathless S O S to his District superior officer: "Sir, Tiger is eating all native peoples—as per margin—please kindly send gun"—but knowing his fondness for natural history, I strongly suspect that he was. Unhappily, I omitted to put this to him in the days when we used to meet. Mr. Bose was never able to bring himself to suffer fools gladly, even though he seemed always pleased to talk to me, and, on occasion, he could be very stern. For instance, he handed rather a nasty one to an ignorant creature who had the astounding cheek to question the veracity of Mr. Bose's statement that jackals were in the habit of catching crabs (their favourite food) with their tails—or brushes. Our author retorted that this was not only a commonplace in Bengal, but that he, personally, had been "eye-witness of the sport." The way it was done was this: the jackal plunged his tail into the crab's hole or dug-out, and the creature, becoming intensely annoyed, at once executed a pincers movement, whereupon a quick flick on the angler's part and he was out of his nest and on the jackal's breakfast-table. In the depth of winter (in Bengal) the jackal used a hole in the ice, which he had scooped out with his teeth.

Monkeys

OUR naturalist had an abiding respect for these animals. Mr. Bose said that the only reason why they did not talk was "lest he should be forced to pay the income tax. In this respect he is wiser than man. I hope I am justified in my opinion?" He also scoffed at the disregard of some of the rules of logic displayed by his brother-man. He writes (page 30, *Humorous Sketches by Mr. Bose*: Pioneer Press, Allahabad): "Some of the Indian tales are replete with such fallacies. A cobra is devouring a viper by the tail; the viper at the same time begins to swallow the cobra likewise by the tail. When both have finished swallowing each other, they vanished! The most fastidious critic cannot deny it." Commander Campbell might like to try this one on the Brains Trust; he may even have actually seen it in Patagonia, or somewhere? Mr. Bose says that the same thing happens when a kitten and a pigeon start "biting out flesh from each other's body . . . kitten and pigeon vanish, leaving a dust of fur and feather floating in the air." Big-game hunters, both in esse and in posse, could not do better than make a careful study of this author's work, for it is full of "knick-knacks" and hints as to how best to circumvent "savage roarers of impenetrable jungle." Peace being in the offing, we may soon have time to play the higgledy-piggledies with the feræ naturæ, so any "knick-knacks" may come in very handy, no doubt!



Mr. W. M. Murphy, who is a Director of Independent Newspapers Ltd., and a grandson of the late Mr. W. M. Murphy, the Irish newspaper magnate, brought Miss Deborah Kerr, the film-star. Some of the scenes from her new film are to be shot in Eire



At the races together were Capt. Lord Carew and Lady Carew. Lord Carew's seat, Castletown, Celbridge, Co. Kildare, is the largest private house in Ireland, and has a window for every day of the year



The Hon. Gerald Wellesley, the well-known Irish trainer, was watching the races with interest. With him was his half-sister, Lady Cecilia Johnstone, who is the wife of Captain Johnstone, Grenadier Guards

Well-Known Personalities at the Leopardstown Races at Dublin

Poole, Dublin



The Marchioness of Tavistock watched her son, Lord Howland, and Elisabeth and Hermione Grimston, who are nieces of the bridegroom, enjoy their ices

Lord Dunboyne's Sister Married

Captain Atholl Duncan, R.A., Marries
the Hon. Synolda Butler in London



Captain Atholl Duncan, R.A., son of the late Mr. Walter Duncan, and of Mrs. Duncan, of Prae Mill House, Gorhamby Park, St. Albans, married the Hon. Synolda Butler, eldest daughter of the late Lord Dunboyne, and of Lady Dunboyne, at St. George's, Hanover Square. The bride was given away by her brother, Lord Dunboyne, and the Hon. John Grimston, brother-in-law of the bridegroom, was best man

Photographs by Swaabe



The bridesmaids were the Hon. Maureen Butler, sister of the bride, Miss Paddy Duncan, sister of the bridegroom, and Miss Titina Power



The bride's mother, Lady Dunboyne, was chatting to Mrs. Walter Duncan, who is the mother of the bridegroom



Major Charles Pepys was with his wife, the Hon. Mrs. Charles Pepys, who is Lord Camoy's elder daughter



The Hon. Mrs. Greville Baird, the Hon. John Grimston, M.P., the Hon. Mrs. John Grimston, who is sister of the bridegroom, and Lady Loder



A husband and wife together were Captain and Mrs. Dochie McGregor



Captain Sir Edmund and Lady Paston-Bedingfeld were another couple

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Getting Started

"TO START YOU TALKING" (Pilot Press; 6s.) is the record, in print, of an exciting experiment in broadcasting. The book has no one specific author: of the introductory chapters the first is by Charles Madge, the second by A. W. Coysh, programme assistant in charge of the series, and the third by George Dixon, the producer. The main part consists of the nine scripts, reproduced by courtesy of the B.B.C. We close with an analysis, by Inez Madge, of the reactions of various Listening Groups to those nine broadcast discussions—of which we have the scripts.

What are these discussions—who takes part in them, what are their subjects and what is their object? The speakers are young people in their late teens, ranging in age from sixteen to nineteen. They are young workers, drawn from all parts of England. Four, a mixed quartette of girls and boys, is the average number for each discussion. They have keen, vigorous and independent minds, but are in no way precocious; in fact, they have been selected as being representative of, rather than exceptional in, their generation. They are, naturally, newcomers to "the air." The subjects chosen for the discussions are those on which young people are likely to think clearly and feel strongly; in the main, abstractions have been avoided; seven out of the nine topics have a close relation to everyday life. And most important of all is this series' object, or idea. The idea is, literally, "to start you talking." The "you" in question may, also, be you and me; but the particular public, the "you" to which the series directs itself, is a public of the same age as the speakers—i.e., young people in their teens, in clubs, in informal assembly and, most of all, in Listening Groups that have formed for this purpose. And this is not, and is not intended to be, by any means an audience of passive listeners. The discussions on the air do not, and do not aim to, conclude themselves; on the contrary, they are broken off at their climax, at their most stimulating, provocative and exciting point. The question is left suspended in the air. From where the broadcasters stop, the audience, the group audiences by innumerable different fire-sides, in rooms and halls and out of doors round "portables" in the summer, take up. Upon the final, inviting "Now what do you think?" the wireless is switched off. For a moment, the silence tingles with controversy: then, probably, everyone speaks at once. For by now every young listener is teeming with his or her own ideas.

ask the Young

"Ask the young," says the ancient and sarcastic Chinese proverb, "they know." Indeed,

I should take a sad view of the adolescent who did not hold vigorous, if as yet untried-out, opinions on almost every subject under the sun. Such opinions, when aired, are received by their elders with what one might call varying tolerance. "Yes, when I was your age, I thought I knew everything, too!" How often, in youth, has one recoiled from that cracking snub—and how often, alas, as one advances into middle life, may one find that one has, in turn, delivered it.

The main impression left on my mind by reading the scripts of these nine broadcast discussions is how remarkably unsilly, how much to the point, and how often shrewd the adolescent discussers are. The know-all attitude does not appear at all. Why is this? Partly, I think, because of the wisdom with which the topics for the discussions have been selected; partly because of the excellent work of the chairman, who—in each case an experienced older person—has rounded up stragglers, checked monopolists and let nothing that verged on a cliché pass unchallenged; partly because of the background, avocations and general make-up of the young people themselves. For the boys and girls in these teams have all been, for some time, out in the world. They are not still in statu pupillari: they are wage-earners. They may be living at home, but they are all well on their ways towards economic, and correspondingly personal, independence. They are



"The Royal Academy Illustrated"

Frances Prudence is the daughter of Cdr. G. P. Russell, R.N. Her portrait, reproduced above, was painted by Arnold Mason and exhibited in the Royal Academy this year. She has a famous grandfather, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Fairfax Moresby, G.C.B., D.S.O., who has Port Moresby, in New Guinea, named after him.

already fighting their own battles, making their own decisions, testing out for themselves what is right and wrong. They have all a long way to go, still. But they are not greenhorns.

What About?

THE publishers do not claim too much in calling the nine scripts in *To Start You Talking* "dramatic readings of great sociological interest." For one thing, spontaneity prevails, in the way through. The individual character of each girl or boy emerges clearly and with effect. There is quick cutting in, and quick taking up of points. Above all, there is the excitement of the chase—the young talkers do literally pursue their subject. And it is the pursuit itself, not the desire to show off personally, that animates them.

The nine scripts of the discussions are placed in order of time—the first, given here took place in December 1943, the last in March 1944. One can see that the experiment was progressive. The first two discussions are the least successful: they show (compared to the others) a tendency, now and then, to bog down; and now and then one hears the ghost of a cliché. This, I imagine, is because the subjects are more nearly abstract than in the later discussions. "Youth states the case to an M.P. for having some say in matters of public business that affects young people," and "What is meant by all men being equal?" are, respectively, the titles of the first two.

The seven others, besides being more concrete and nearer to life, gain tremendously by an innovation: each is preceded by a brief, lively broadcast play, in which the question under discussion is "placed" in immediately human terms. In themselves, these

(Concluded on page 408)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

IT seems rather like raking about among the dead ashes of the past to write about VE-Day. As one queues up for fish, it all appears as if it had never been, doesn't it? So, personally, I am rather glad—apart, of course, from the soul-felt thankfulness that at least some of the anxiety and suffering of the world has lessened—that I spent the evening of that great day in the strictest sobriety. (As a matter of fact, there wasn't anything in the house to get unsobered about, and I have always refused to pay court to the wine merchant's plainest daughter in order to get something euphemistically called "Product of France.")

Now, looking back on Time since there has been a "Peace on," I am convinced that a nice cup o' cocoa completely filled the bill on that night of celebration. Mind you, I didn't expect peace to come upon us so quickly. I knew there would be acrimonious quarrels and misunderstanding among the Allies. I foresaw that a number of Liberated Nations would immediately fall foul of each other and of their liberators. I anticipated minor revolutions, strikes, and a Peace Conference during which every other day the representatives of one nation or another would spit and walk out.

But I didn't imagine that a General Election would add to the universal upset, as if nothing very much had been happening during the last six years and the trouble everywhere were all over. I never thought for an instant that when the news came on at nine o'clock I should listen to tanks moving into action and a first-class bombardment of a Holy City and think, "Ah, well, it sounds just like old times!" I little guessed that

my first taste of a New and Better World would be a "tightening of my belt," my already meagre larder being fobbed off with a promise of some oranges (which, incidentally, I hate, except in marmalade!).

What will happen when, probably as a centenarian and then some, I can sally forth to order 2 lb. of fresh dairy butter, 3 lb. of tea, 4 lb. of sugar, a couple of chickens at 2s. per lb., tell a butcher grandly that his beef is rotten and his mutton worse, blithely give notice to a charlady, easily find a seat on a train, catch a midnight bus, receive an ingratiating smile from a taxi-man, an offer of immediate help from any workman, cover my strawberries under lashings of cream, and order a new suit without having the psychological suffering of having twenty-six teeth out as the tailor snips twenty-six hits out of my wee Red Book?—I really do not know! But, oh—shall I celebrate?

If, as they used to say, two pints of beer are the quickest way out of Manchester, so a couple of bottles of real old Burgundy will likely land me bang into the New and Better World far, far quicker, if only for the evening, than ever Parliament is likely to do. And I beg of Fate that if, perchance, I am seen lying prone and snoring in the Strand—to let me lie. I should dread to wake up from such oblivion to read that science has invented a new and simple super-wizard flying bomb, and that on account of this really being a New and Better World the Income Tax has been increased another two-and-sixpence in the pound, but dried beans have gone back to two pints!

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Newton-Clare — Graham

Capt. H. M. (Bill) Newton-Clare, M.C., The Wiltshire Regt., younger son of Mr. H. J. Newton-Clare, of Chilvester, Calne, Wiltshire, married Miss Irene Mary Graham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest M. Graham, of 5, Bryanston Court, George Street, W.1



Gordon-Mackie — Koebel

Capt. Charles Gordon-Mackie, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Gordon-Mackie, of Gallery House, Logie Pert, Montrose, married Miss M. G. (Peggy) Koebel, younger daughter of the late Major F. E. Koebel, D.S.O., and of Mrs. Koebel, 24, Lowndes Street, S.W.1



Prettejohn — Gordon

Vandyk

Mr. Hugh Maitland Prettejohn, son of Mr. R. B. Prettejohn, of Park House, Tenby, Pembroke, married Miss Audrey Bride Gordon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Seton Gordon, of Upper Duntulm, Isle of Skye, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



Glass — Barker

Lt. Denis Lionel Francis Glass, R.A.C., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Glass, of Durban, Natal, married Miss Elizabeth Ann Barker, younger daughter of Capt. and Mrs. R. Auriol Barker, of Dore, Englefield Green, Surrey, at Virginia Water



McIlroy — Hornby

Mr. Malcolm Brice McIlroy, only son of the late Mr. Clarke McIlroy, and of Mrs. McIlroy, of The Brooms, Stone, Staffs., married Miss Margaret Constance Hornby, elder daughter of Major and Mrs. A. J. W. Hornby, of Nyasaland, B.C.A.



Pritchard — Dane

Major Trevor A. G. Pritchard, D.S.O., The Parachute Regt., only son of Major A. R. Pritchard, and of the late Mrs. M. E. Pritchard, married Miss Patricia Dane, eldest daughter of the late Mr. J. Dane, and of Mrs. Dane, 7, Kildare Terrace, W.2



Macrae — Maclellan

Capt. R. A. A. S. Macrae, The Seaforth Highlanders, only son of the late Col. R. S. F. Macrae, and of Mrs. Macrae, married Miss Violet M. (Toby) Maclellan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Maclellan, of 5, Belgrave Crescent, Edinburgh



Yeo — Hussey

Capt. Colin J. R. Yeo, R.A., elder son of the late Mrs. Russell Yeo, of Thurleston, Devon, married Miss Pamela S. Hussey, 2nd/O. W.R.N.S., only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Hussey, of Harpenden, Herts., at St. Nicholas', Harpenden



Truelove — Evans

Major P. A. J. Truelove, R.E., married Miss Sue Carloyon Evans in the British Embassy, Caracas. The ceremony was performed by Sir George Ogilvie-Forbes, K.C.M.G., British Ambassador in Venezuela. The couple were married again at Barbados Cathedral by the Bishop

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 394)

More Guests

ADMIRAL STARK, head of the U.S. Navy over here, came to the wedding; so did Lady Stanley, the Marchioness of Hartington, Mrs. Bowes Daly, Lord and Lady Digby, the Hon. Mrs. Randolph Churchill, Lady Anne Hunloke and the Countess of Abingdon, who looked very chic wearing a big hat with her printed dress. The Countess of Durham and the Countess of Kimberley came together, and so did the Marquess and Marchioness of Camden, the latter all in red. Lord Camden's only daughter, Lady Mary Berry, was with her husband, F/Lieut. the Hon. Lionel Berry. Others there included General Sir Hastings Ismay, Major and Mrs. Neal, from U.S.A., Sir Anthony Lindsay-Hogg, Lady Bridget Poulett, Mrs. Stenhouse, Lady Isobel Guinness, Lady Baillie, Lady Stanley of Alderley, Lady Elizabeth Clyde, in a pretty feathered hat, Mr. and Mrs. Tony Havelock-Allen, Mr. Noel Coward, Mr. Cecil Beaton and Miss Osla Bering, who is a great friend of the bride's and has been working at the Admiralty with her. Also in this big gathering I saw Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Massey, Mrs. Freddie Byass, Mme. Charmon, wife of the Lebanese Minister, Lady Morvyth Benson, very gay in yellow, with her daughter Jill, Mr. and Mrs. John Dewar, Mrs. Harold Huth, Colonel Tweedie, Mr. Musgrave, Mrs. Peter Williams, Commander Fearn and many more.

Short Honeymoon

THE bride went away in a pretty red-and-white printed silk dress, with a red halo hat to match. The honeymoon was spent at Belton, Lord and Lady Brownlow's lovely home in Lincolnshire, but it could only be a brief one of four days, as Mr. Astor started his election campaign on the following Monday. Mrs. Astor takes the keenest interest in politics, and will be a great help to him in his election campaign in East Fulham, a constituency he has represented since 1935.

A Christening

THE font of Eton College Chapel was most beautifully decorated with tall delphiniums and hydrangeas in the real Eton blue for the christening of Sir Anthony and Lady Meyer's little son and heir. The christening had been delayed some months until Sir Anthony was well enough to be present; and he has only just left hospital as the result of serious wounds in Normandy. The little boy, who was christened Anthony Ashley Frank, behaved beautifully at this his first attendance in his future school chapel. His little sister, two-year-old Caroline Clare, was enthralled by the ceremony. There were eight godparents: Lord Hardinge of Penshurst, Air Vice-Marshal H. W. L. Saunders, Lieut.-Colonel Rodney Moore, Captain Anthony Hobson, Lady Carrington, Mrs. Philip Hill, the Hon. Anna Sturt and Mrs. Walker.

After the service everyone went back to Sir Anthony and Lady Meyer's house at Datchet. Among those present to drink the baby's health were Lady Meyer's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Knight; Sir Anthony's mother, Mrs. Bendix; and Lord and Lady Hardinge and their daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Anthony Murray, who had travelled up from Dorsetshire that morning. The youngest godparent is the Hon. Mary Anna Sturt, who is growing very like her mother, the late Lady Alington. In the evening Sir Anthony and Lady Meyer took a party of ten young people up to the Queen Charlotte's Ball at Grosvenor House.



Russian-American Alliance

Princess Xenia, only daughter of Prince Andrew of Russia and a grand-niece of the late Tsar, was married at the Russian Church in Buckingham Palace Road to Lieut. Calhoun Ancrum, U.S. Army, of Camden, South Carolina. Princess Xenia has been working as a nurse in the Great Ormond Street Children's Hospital since the outbreak of war

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 406)

comedy-dramas of family or working life have great merit, and their stimulating effects on the four young talkers who follow are obvious. "Only one living-room," "When should we be treated as grown-up?" "Money to Burn," "Wilful Damage," "Scrounging and Stealing," "All out for a good time" and "Learning about Sex"—these are the seven titles. And under these headings come almost all the problems that engage young people's interest to-day.

How is a *modus vivendi* to be arrived at between the members of a family (all, perhaps, with different tastes or interests) occupying a not large house or flat? How much independence, and how much regard for his personal point of view, is the young wage-earner, still living under his parents' roof, entitled to claim? How far is he (or she) to decide as to the spending of earned money—how much of this, weekly, should be contributed to the home, how much be saved, how much be spent on pleasure? How far should one think of the future, how far go for quick returns? What is the psychological reason for the desire (shown by roving bands of the young) to damage property; and how can this "urge" be directed into some less anti-social channel? What, exactly, is *stealing*—as opposed to helping yourself to, or regarding as perquisites, objects lying around that nobody seems to want? What are the ethics of good-timing; how far should good-timing go? At what age, and in what manner, should sex instruction be received?

This short book, *To Start You Talking*, seems to me worth more than volumes of abstract theorising on the subject of youth and its point of view. Here youth does really speak, and speaks for itself. And the results should, at least, start *you* thinking.

Five-star Thriller

IF reviewers starred fiction as guide-books star hotels, I should certainly give the maximum (five, I think?) to James Norman's *An Inch of Time* (Michael Joseph; 8s. 6d.) as being right at the top of its own, the thriller, class. One may argue that different thrillers thrill different people—there are some readers to whom any kind of literary pretension, in a story sought for excitement, would be distasteful. A good, straightforward mixture of a hidden hand, a blonde, a car chase, a dope ring or a spy ring, a time-bomb or some form of high-explosive, a mysterious foreign count, with confederates and stage properties to taste—only these are required: Convincingness is not, in such a case, essential.

Convincingness, to me, is essential; and I would sacrifice a proportion of thrills in order to obtain it. More, I cannot be thrilled unless I am also convinced. I cannot get worked-up about anything that does not really seem to be happening. And to create this illusion that something is "really happening," the writer must be first-rate. The production of a satisfactory thriller seems to me one of the greatest tests of a writer's capacity to write. . . . *An Inch of Time* does contain a blonde (though the enigmatic, unfriendly Marta Reed fits queerly under this specification) and a dope ring—priceless jade objets d'art are being used by the Japanese as containers for heroin, which is being smuggled out of Occupied China (in 1941) into the United States. The story has a background of guerilla fighting, derailed trains, hold-ups and summary executions. But the main interest is psychological and historic. The background is North China, gripped by the winter cold, and the villain (so far as there is any specific villain) a Chinese General, formerly a self-respecting bandit, but now a puppet of the Japanese. Against General Huang and the Japanese forces of occupation are ranged Quinte, Mexican leader of the Chinese guerillas; Mountain of Virtue, his lovely Eurasian friend; Dr. Fitch, New England missionary, "top-side heaven pidgin man" and his highly militant band of Christian bandits, and the American James Courtland (hero, so far as there is one), formerly a dealer in jade, now unaccredited secret agent of the U.S. Government. Marta Reed, an American girl apparently far too friendly with the Japanese, continues, up to the very end, to play an inexplicable lone hand. Toughness, mystification and really superb descriptions of North China combine, with a full cast of vital characters, to qualify *An Inch of Time* for its five stars.

Craft and Design

JOHN GLOAG's *British Furniture Makers* ("Britain in Pictures" Series, Collins; 4s. 6d.) should appeal to everyone who is not unhappy enough to be indifferent to furniture. Mr. Gloag shows the excellent balance kept, during the best periods, between the craftsman and the designer, in the evolution of British chairs, tables, cabinets, chests and beds; and he shows how these have, on through the centuries, at once fulfilled the needs and expressed the temperaments of the different generations for which they were made. As in all crafts, material dictated style—indigenous woods, such as oak, yew, beech and cherry, went to the making of primitive English furniture; with the introduction of walnut and mahogany we passed over into the period of the more sophisticated designer and cabinet-maker. Puritanism left its mark on the appointments of the average English home (checking the Renaissance influences that had appeared during the reign of Queen Elizabeth). With the Restoration, and due to the influence of the Merry Monarch, appropriate *amorini* overran Court furniture. The best period—past which we have not yet progressed; and I must say I doubt that we ever shall—was, of course, the eighteenth century.

Admirable illustrations add to the value of Mr. Gloag's survey and bear out the lines of his argument. I do recommend this book. Even if one is collecting on the most unambitious scale, even if one is not collecting at all, it is a great thing to know what is what—and, why.

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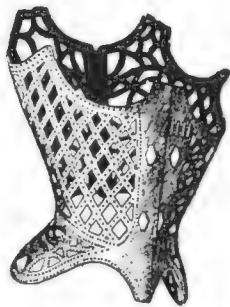
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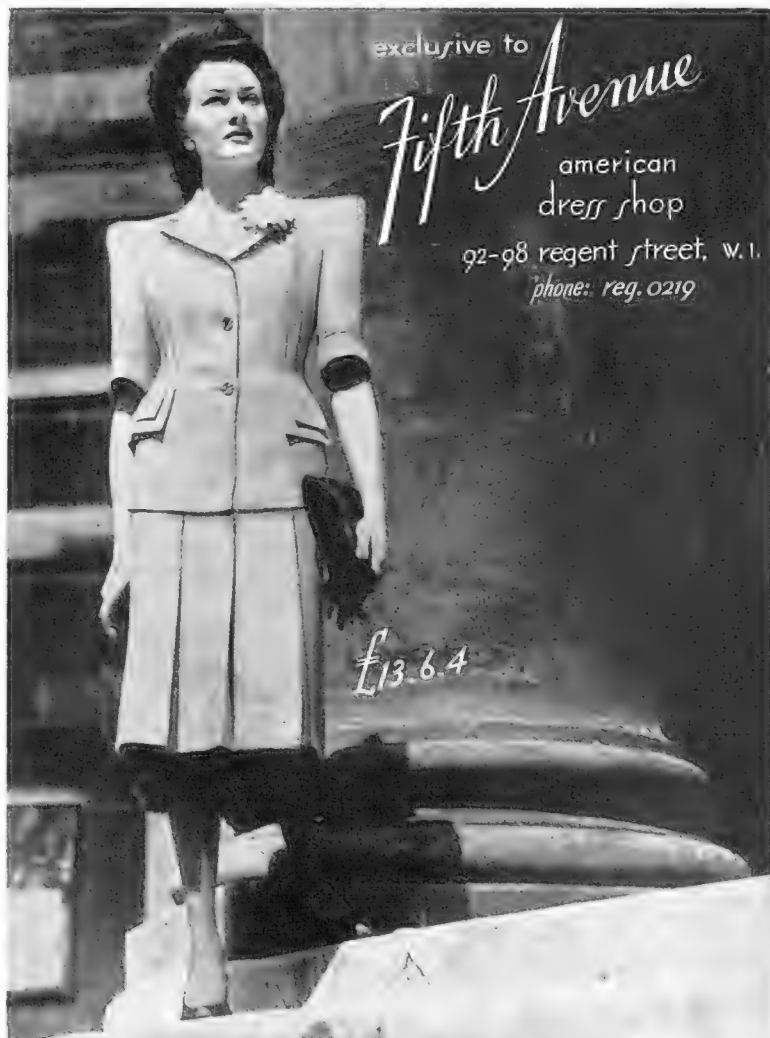


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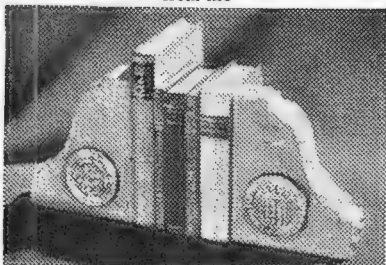
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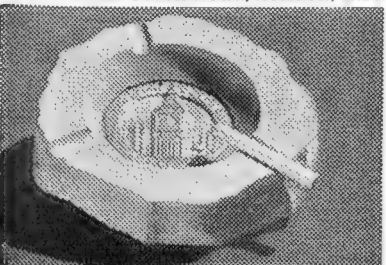
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Stories from Everywhere

IN a town in the wild and woolly West, a boy reached the age of fourteen without ever having spoken a word. One day he was loafing around the corral where they were branding calves, and somehow managing to get in the way of the man who was handling the branding irons, he got burned pretty badly on the seat of his pants.

As he felt the hot iron, the dumb lad shouted, "Ouch!"

There was terrific excitement, and the man who had burned him cried: "A miracle! Dummy talked! He's found his voice!"

But the lad spoke again.

"Miracle nothing!" he said. "I just never had nothin' to say before."

CHEPPEWA Indians still remaining on Beaver Island in Northern Lake Michigan retain the tribal custom of providing a deceased tribesman with provender for his journey to the Happy Hunting Ground. When their Chief, Johnny Antwine, died, his followers placed on his coffin a bowl of fruit, drinking water, and last of all, his ration books.

A FIRM of shady brokers was prosecuted for swindling. In acquitting them, the judge said, severely: "There is insufficient evidence to convict you, but if any one wishes to know my opinion of you I hope they will refer to me."

Afterwards the firm's advertisements appeared in every available medium, with the following well displayed:

"Reference as to probity by special permission, Mr. Justice Blank, Judge of the High Court."



Swarbrick

Gretchen Franklin has scored a great hit in her "Clippie" number and versatile character work in "Sweetener and Lower." She has also understudied Beatrice Lillie in "Big Top," and played for her with great success on several occasions. Her husband, Caswell Garth, has just had two plays accepted for early production

A DOCTOR was knocked up in a small village at about 3 a.m., by a man who asked him to come out immediately to a place about ten miles away. The doctor dressed speedily and got out his car, and they drove furiously to their destination.

Upon arrival the man asked:

"What is your fee, doctor?"

"Half a guinea," he replied, in some surprise.

"Here it is, then," said the man, handing over the money, "and cheap, too. The garage man wanted thirty bob to drive me over."

TWO waiters were standing by the table over which the tired diner had fallen asleep.

"I've already wakened him twice," said the first waiter, "and I'm going to wake him a third time."

"Why don't you have him taken out?" suggested the other.

"Not likely," whispered the first waiter. "Every time I wake him up he pays his bill and tips me."

A PARTY of men were elephant hunting in India. The preparations were elaborate, deep pits and so on and so forth, but results were only fair to moderate. Except one man, and he made no fuss at all, but his success was phenomenal.

"I say, old man, how do you do it?" asked one envious member of the party.

"We who put so much into the business don't seem to do nearly as well as you?"

"Well, it's all very simple," replied the successful one. "All I need is blackboard and easel, with chalk, of course, a pair of opera glasses, a pair of tweezers, and a jam jar."

"Good heavens!" cried the others, "you can't catch elephants with that lot!"

"Oh, yes, I can," came the reply. "I set up my blackboard, write on it two plus two are five. An elephant comes along and sees it, and being a sociable sort of animal, goes and fetches other elephants to share the joke. There I am, sitting up a tree, and there are all the elephants laughing their heads off round the blackboard. Then all I have to do is to look at them through the wrong end of the opera glasses—this makes them very small, of course—pick them up with the tweezers, and pop them in the jar, and there you are!"

THE book canvasser knocked at the door of Mr. Jones's house.

"Nothing today," said Mrs. Jones, firmly.

"But, madam," he insisted, "I have something here that is bound to interest you. 'The Husband's Friend, or Five Hundred Reasons for Staying Out Late.'"

"What makes you think that book would interest me?" asked Mrs. Jones, angrily.

"Well," said the canvasser, "I sold a copy to your husband on the way to the station this morning."

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THE CHILD HE HADN'T SEEN



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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Pots and Kettles

POMPOUS prelates and self-important magistrates and judges occasionally hold forth about the iniquity, or the absurdity, or the ugliness of feminine make-up. Maquillage, they thunder, is something with which the intelligent woman refuses to have anything to do. They forget that if they shave, or have their hair cut, they are doing precisely the same as the women they criticize. The male, when he fulminates against the habits of the female, is apt to forget his own activities.

No woman, for instance, has ever worn such ludicrous hats as those which men solemnly put on when they go into certain full dress uniforms. Shaving is simply a form of make-up. And it becomes increasingly clear that the three great transport interests of land, sea and air are apt to fall into errors very similar to those which afflict the indignant male when he holds forth about the shortcomings of the female. It is particularly puzzling, for example, to hear a railway enthusiast pointing to the shortcomings of aircraft on the grounds that you cannot have aerodromes everywhere and that, in consequence, you cannot offer efficient transport by air.

More Aerodromes

IT is true that we have far too few aerodromes open to private owners and to civil transport machines. It is equally true that, unless there is an aerodrome near a place, you cannot offer air transport to that place; you can only offer air transport for part of the way. And the effectiveness of the air journey will to some extent be influenced by the ratio of air travel to other kinds of travel. But surely in this matter the railways are in much the same position. They cannot offer transport to a place unless they have a line running to that place and a station there.

The railways have been energetic in the past in extending their network of branch lines and in building stations. But they still reach directly only a minute proportion of the places to which people want to travel. And their numerous stations and great lengths of branch line are the result of many years of work. It would probably have been better if the railways had granted a proper place to road transport in their schemes and had reduced the number of small stations and the lengths of branch line and had set out to co-operate instead of to compete with road transport.

The Lesson

IT seems to me that the way of the railways is a warning to aviation. Civil aviation should set out first of all to build more aerodromes; but it should also remember always to work in collaboration with road transport. Road and air together would be a powerful transport combination—much more than twice as powerful as road alone, or air alone. Let us remember when aerodromes are being built, that they must also be arranged to deal with a heavy motor car traffic. Any aerodrome which fails to provide ample, conveniently sited and well-organized motor-car parking facilities is a bad aerodrome.

I emphasize the need for aviation and road transport to collaborate rather than for aviation and rail transport, not because of any inherent hate for the railways; but because it is the logical arrangement. Road transport is unchallenged for elasticity. It is any-door to any-door transport. It takes you to any place which is on a road or track and that means to a great many more places than either railway trains or aircraft can ever hope to reach. But road transport has disadvantages when the distance to be covered exceeds 200 miles. If you have to travel regularly from London to Edinburgh, you are likely to prefer either the railway or the airway for the main journey. You will still have to use a motor car at both ends in all probability; but you will prefer another vehicle for the main journey. The same is true where there is water to be crossed.

Many people will remember their experiences with motor-car ferries, such as that which ply between the mainland and the Isle of Wight. Although it was slow it was not a bad ferry (I do not know if it is now open again to the public). But the price of the journey was terrific and the time lost in embarking and disembarking was rather serious and formed an undue proportion of the time for the total run from London.

Overhead Way

THIS was one reason why the airway to the Isle of Wight was so popular and was growing so rapidly. But this airway did not remember the lesson I have been inculcating. It provided no personal transport at the end of the journey.

We have now a new Miles aircraft, the Aerovan, which can take a small car. I think that in designing and presenting this aircraft the Miles people have made a contribution to aviation which is greater than appears at first sight. They have hinted at the need for the close collaboration of road and air. We must not only make aerodromes which accommodate cars as well as aircraft; but we must also make aircraft which can accommodate cars. Many of those who might like to go to France by air, would wish to go about in France by car.

The Miles brothers, in this as in so many aspects of aviation, have seen the larger purposes and possibilities. They have indicated that, in peace as in war, aviation will be stronger and better placed to play its full part, if it collaborates with land transport.



W-Cdr. Keith Lofts, D.F.C. and Bar, is a Spitfire Ace who flew in "Churchill's Own" County of Surrey Squadron, during the Battle of Britain when he personally destroyed six aircraft. He appears to have been taking life very seriously when this picture was taken

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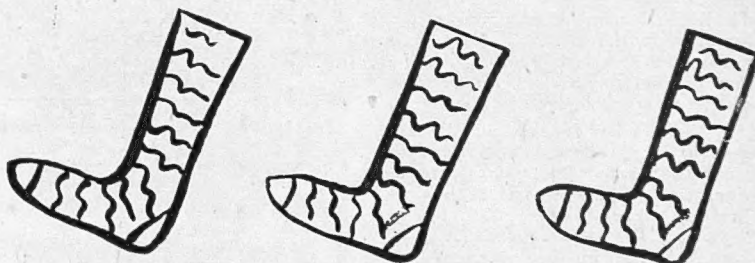
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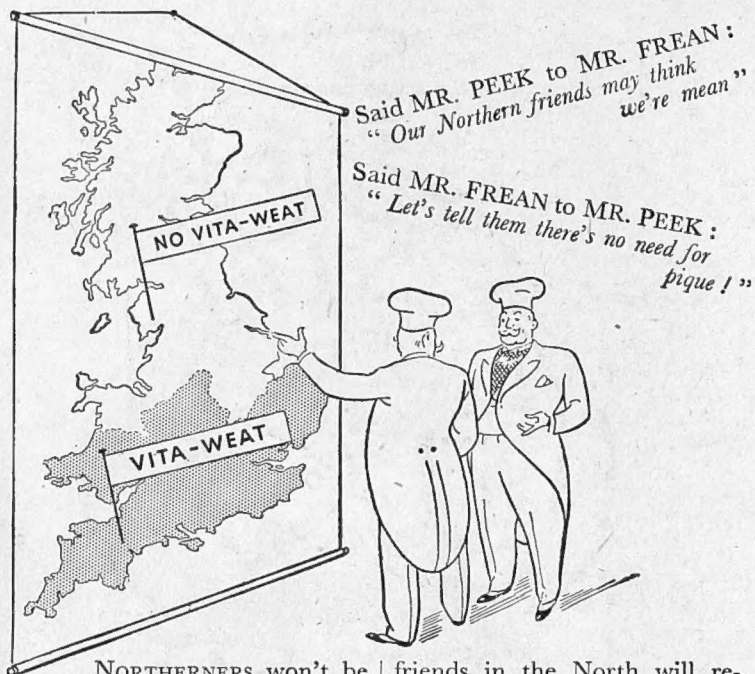


What is the Colonel
hoping to command a
peace-time regiment of?



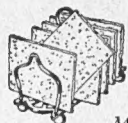
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NORTHERNERS won't be able to get Vita-Weat until after the war, as the Government's zoning scheme is now in operation. But Mr. Peek and Mr. Frean hope that their

friends in the North will remember them, and that their more fortunate customers in the South will be able to get a share of the limited supplies of Vita-Weat that are available.



Vita-Weat

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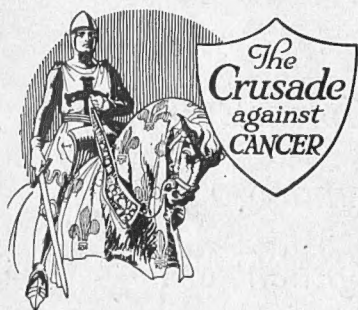


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The
Crusade
against
CANCER

THE COST OF THE FIGHT

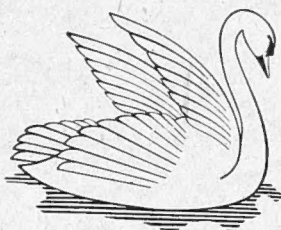
The Royal Cancer Hospital stands as the keystone in the citadel holding siege against the ravages of Cancer. All the forces of Medicine and Science are allied to fight this terrible disease.

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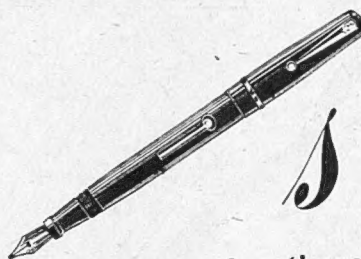
Already great advances have been made but further financial help is needed. The Hospital costs more than £250 a day to run, will you please send a gift addressed to the Secretary now.

The Royal Cancer Hospital

FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3

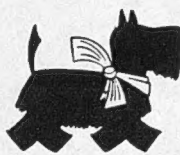


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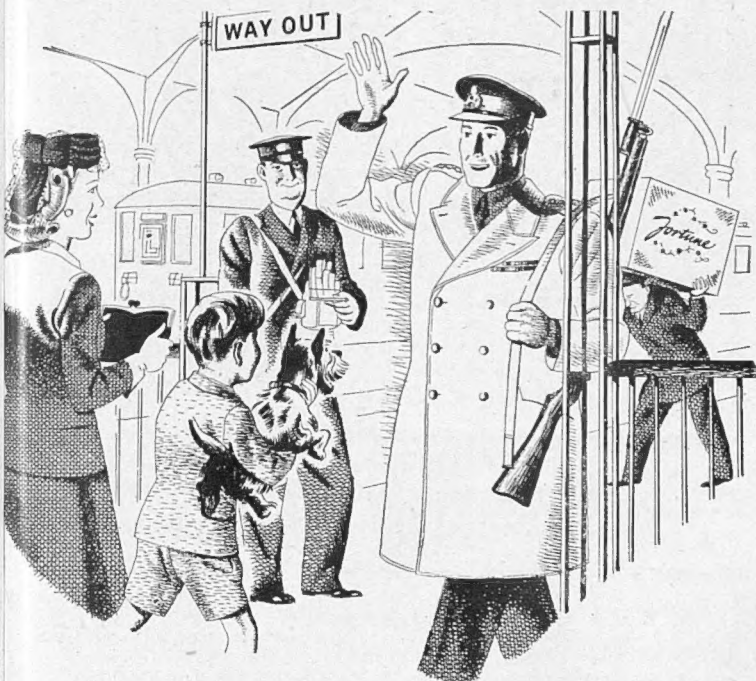
Make it my way, Madam

says OLD HETHERS

Since you cannot buy Robinson's Barley Water in bottles for the time being, you will do well to take Old Hethers' advice and make it for yourself from Robinson's 'Patent' Barley. The simple directions are on the tin; and if you cannot get hold of a lemon or an orange for flavouring, use the juice of stewed or tinned fruit; honey or jam.

Barley Water from
ROBINSON'S
'Patent' **BARLEY**

CVS-22



What is wrong with this picture?

Welcome home, sir. But surely something's wrong with our gallant officer? There is. Even if he happened to carry a rifle the bayonet wouldn't be fixed. Neither would he wear his medal ribbons on his greatcoat. And that bus conductor issuing tickets on a railway station seems a bit odd. Stranger still is the sight of the porter with the case of Caley FORTUNE Chocolates. Impossible. Caley aren't and won't be making FORTUNE Chocolates until they have a factory of their own again. Meanwhile, good friends in the Trade are making Plain and Blended Chocolate Blocks for Caley.

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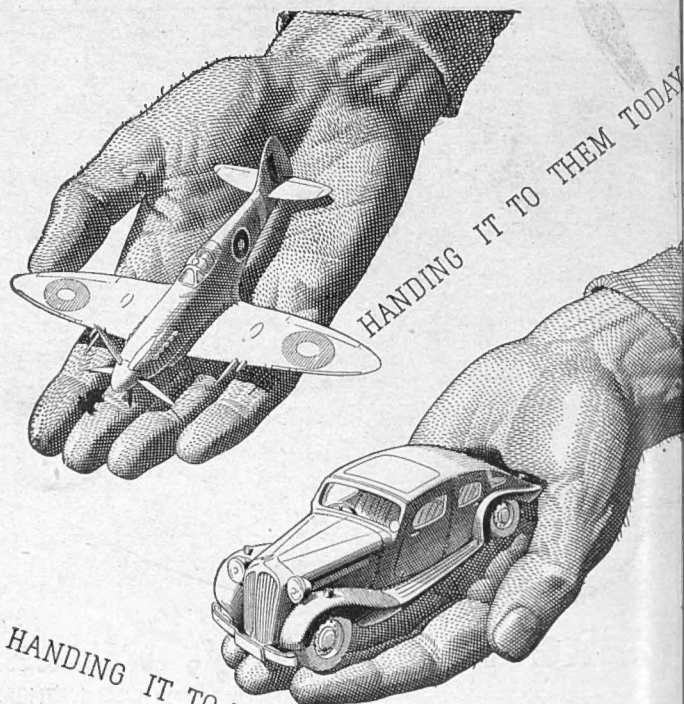
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